

Anne. I meane (M. Slender) what wold you with me?
 Slender. Truly, for mine owne part, I would little or nothing with you: your father and my vnckle hath made motions: if it be my lucke, so; if not, happy man bee his dole, they can tell you how things go, better then I can: you may aske your father, heere he comes.

Page. Now Mr Slender; Loue him daughter Anne. Why how now? What does Mr Fenter here?

You wrong me Sir, thus still to haunt my house.

I told you Sir, my daughter is disposd of.

Fen. Nay Mr Page, be not impatient.

Mist. Page. Good M. Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fen. Sir, will you heare me?

Page. No, good M. Fenton.

Come M. Shallow: Come sonne Slender, in;

Knowing my minde, you wrong me (M. Fenton.)

Qui. Speake to Mistris Page.

Fen. Good Mist. Page, for that I loue your daughter in such a righteous fashion as I do, Perforce, against all checkes, rebukes, and manners; I must aduance the colours of my loue, And not retire. Let me haue your good will.

An. Good mother, do not marry me to yond foole.

Mist. Page. I meane it not, I seeke you a better husband.

Qui. That's my master, M. Doctor.

An. Alas I had rather be set quick i'th earth, And bow'd to death with Turnips.

Mist. Page. Come, trouble not your selfe good M. Fenton, I will not be your friend, nor enemy: My daughter will I question how she loues you, And as I finde her, so am I affected: Till then, farewell Sir, she must needs go in, Her father will be angry.

Fen. Farewell gentle Mistris: farewell Nan.

Qui. This is my doing now: Nay, saide I, will you cast away your childe on a Foole, and a Physitian: Look on M. Fenton, this is my doing.

Fen. I thanke thee; and I pray thee once to night, Giue my sweet Nan this Ring: there's for thy paines.

Qui. Now heaven send thee good fortune, a kinde heart he hath: a woman would run through fire & water for such a kinde heart. But yet, I would my Maister had Mistris Anne, or I would M. Slender had her; or (in sooth) I would M. Fenton had her; I will do what I can for them all three, for so I haue promised, and hee bee as good as my word, but speciously for M. Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir Iohn Falstaffe from my two Mistresses: what a beast am I to slacke it. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Quickly, Ford.

Fal. Bardolfe I say.

Bar. Heere Sir.

Fal. Go, fetch me a quart of Sacke, put a toft in't.

Haue I liu'd to be carried in a Basket like a barrow of butchers Offall? and to be throwne in the Thames? Wel, if I be seru'd such another trick, hee haue my braines rane out and butter'd, and giue them to a dogge for a New-years gift. The rogues slighted me into the riuer with as little remorse, as they would haue drown'd a

blinde bitches Puppies, fiftene i'th litter: and you may know by my fize, that I haue a kinde of alacrity in sinking: if the bottome were as deepe as hell, I should down. I had beene drown'd, but that the shore was sheluy and shallow: a death that I abhorre: for the water swelles a man; and what a thing should I haue beene, when I had beene swel'd? I should haue beene a Mountaine of Mummie.

Bar. Here's M. Quickly Sir to speake with you.

Fal. Come, let me poure in some Sack to the Thames water: for my bellies as cold as if I had swallow'd snow-balls, for pilles to coole the reins. Call her in.

Bar. Come in woman.

Qui. By your leaue: I cry you mercy?

Giue your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these Challices:

Go, brew me a pottle of Sacke finely.

Bard. With Egges, Sir?

Fal. Simple of it selfe: Hee no Pullet-Sperme in my brewage. How now?

Qui. Marry Sir, I come to your worship from M. Ford.

Fal. Mist. Ford? I haue had Ford enough: I was thrown into the Ford; I haue my belly full of Ford.

Qui. Alas the day, (good-heart) that was not her fault: she do's take on with her men; they mistooke their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build vpon a foolish Woman.

Qui. Well, she laments Sir for it, that it would yem your heart to see it: her husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her, betwene eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly, she'll make you amends I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her, tell her so: and bidde her thinke what a man is: Let her consider his frailty, and then iudge of my merit.

Qui. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Betwene nine and ten saist thou?

Qui. Eight and nine Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not misse her.

Qui. Peace be with you Sir.

Fal. I meruaile I heare not of Mr Broome: he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. Oh, heere he comes.

Ford. Blesse you Sir.

Fal. Now M. Broome, you come to know What hath past betwene me, and Ford's wife.

Ford. That indeed (Sir Iohn) is my business.

Fal. M. Broome I will not lye to you, I was at her house the houre she appointed me.

Ford. And sped you Sir?

Fal. very ill-fauouredly M. Broome.

Ford. How so sir, did she change her determination?

Fal. No (M. Broome) but the peaking Curnuto her husband (M. Broome) dwelling in a continual larum of ielousie, comes in the instant of our encounter, after we had embrast, kist, protested, & (as it were) spoke the prologue of our Comedy: and at his heeles, a rabble of his companions, thither prouoked and instigated by his distemper, and (forsooth) to serch his house for his wiues Loue.

Ford. What? While you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, & could not find you?

Fal. You shall heare. As good lucke would haue it, comes in one Mist. Page, giues intelligence of Ford's approach: and in her inuention, and Ford's wiues distraction, they conuey'd me into a bucke-basket.

Ford

Actus Quartus.

Enter Mistris Page.

Mist. Page. Is he at

Qui. Sure he is by

truly he is very coura

into the water. Mist

dainely.

Mist. Page. He be wi

my yong-man here to

comes; 'tis a playing

Schoole to day?

Eua. No: Master Slen

Qui. Blessing of hi

Mist. Page. Sir Hugh

fits nothing in the wor

him some questions in

Eua. Come hither u

Mist. Page. Come on

swere your Master, be

Eua. William, how n

Will. Two.

Qui. Truly, I thou

more, because they say

Eua. Peace, your tat

Will. Pulcher.

Qu. Powlcats? ther

sure.

Eua. You are a very

peace. What is (Lap

Will. A Stone.

Eua. And what is a

Will. A Peeble.

Eua. No; it is Lapis

praine.

Will. Lapis.

Eua. That is a good

do's lend Articles.

Will. Articles are bor

thus declined, Singula

Eua. Nominatio big

tino huius: Well: what

Will. Accusatio hinc.

Eua. I pray you haue

cusatio hinc, hang, hog.

Qu. Hang-hog, is la

Eua. Leaua your pra

tine case (Williams?)

Will. O, Vocatio, O.

Eua. Remember With

Qu. And that's a goo

Eua. O man, forbear

Mist. Page. Peace.

Eua. What is your G

Will. Genitive case?

Eua. I.

Will. Genitive horum.

Qu. Vengeance of

name her (childe) if she

Eua. For shame o'ma

Qu. You doe ill to t

teaches him to hic, and

enough of themselves, a

Exeunt.

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